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12.

AN ODE

Upon the New-Year,

PERFORMED

Before their Majesties.

Set to MUSICK *by* Dr. Blow.
The Words by N. Tate, *Servant to their Majesties.*

3. Jan. 169 2/3

THE Happy, happy Year is Born,
That Wonders shall disclose;
That Conquest with fix'd Lawrels shall adorn,
And give our Lab'ring *HERCULES* Repose.
Ye Graces that resort
To *Virtue's Temple* blest *MARIA'S* Court,
With Incense and with Songs as Sweet,
The long-Expected Season meet,
The Long-expected Season gently Greet.

MARIA (thus devoutly say)
MARIA---Oh appear! appear!
Thy Softest Charms Display,
Smile and Bless the Infant Year;
Smile on its Birth in Kindness to our Isle,
For if this Genial Day
You Cheerfully Survey,
Succeeding Years in just Return, on You and Us shall Smile.
Thus,

Thus, let Departing-WINTER Sing,
Approach, Advance, Thou promis'd SPRING;
And if for Action not design'd,
Together soon Together bring
Confederate Troops in *Europe*'s Cause combin'd.
A Busier Prospect SUMMER yields,
Floating Navies, harrass'd Fields.
From far the *Gallick* Genius Spying
(Of Unjust War the Just Disgrace.)
Their Broken Squadrons Flying,
And *Britain's Cæsar* Lightning in the Chase.

But AUTUMN does Impatient grow
To Crown the Victor's Brow;
To Wait him Home Triumphant from Alarms
To *Albion* and *MARIA'S* Arms.
Then, to conclude the Glorious Scene,
To *Europe's* Joy let *Me* Return,
When *Britain's Senate* shall Convene,
To Thank their Monarch, and no more, no more his Absence
Their kind Supplies out fainting Hopes restor'd, (mourn.
Their Inspir'd Counsels shall sure means afford,
To fix the Gen'ral Peace won by our Monarch's Sword.

CHORUS.

While Tyrants their Neighbours and Subjects Oppress,
All Nations the Pious Restorer Caress.
Securely our Hero *prepares for the Field,*
His Valour his Sword, his Virtue his Shield:
He Arms in Compassion for Europe's *Release.*
He Conquers to Save, and he Warr's to give Peace.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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FINIS.